

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1973

FEBRUARY 26, 1910

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s. ; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

AN INDEX to VOLUME LXXVI (Jan.-June, 1909) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded post free for 1d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

THE delightful Bottomley has favoured the polite world with his views on the recent acquittal of Mr. Crosland at the Old Bailey. This is what he says in *John Bull*:—

Too much has been made of the acquittal of Crosland. The only point which the jury decided was that a letter he wrote to the prosecutor's solicitors was not a criminal libel. There might have been many reasons for this. It may have been privileged, or there may have been no technical publication, or the jury may have thought that a letter to a solicitor damages nobody.

Every single one of these statements is untrue. In the first place, it is not true that the only point that the jury decided was that a letter written to the prosecutor's solicitors was not a criminal libel. The jury not only found that the letter in question was justified, but they also found that the two paragraphs relating to Mr. Manners Sutton which appeared in *THE ACADEMY* were true in substance and in fact, and were written in the public interest. Secondly, it is not true that the jury may have had in their minds that the letter was privileged. No such plea was put forward on behalf of the defendant. Thirdly, it is not true that the jury may have had in their minds that there was no technical publication. The technical publication was not disputed. There is one other point which Mr. Bottomley may do as well to bear in mind, namely, that the verdict of acquittal in the case of Mr. Crosland was brought by a jury of twelve British citizens under the direction of a judge. Mr. Bottomley's acquittal, it will be remembered, was brought about by the personal expression of opinion of a City alderman, to whom Bottomley afterwards dedicated his "book." Finally, undeterred by the disastrous and usually comic results which have attended the previous efforts of Mr. Bottomley and his lieutenants to pronounce judgment upon literary matters, Mr. Bottomley goes on to describe the sonnet by Mr. Crosland, published in last week's *ACADEMY*, as "doggerel." We should like to wager that there is not

a single person connected with *John Bull* who is able either to write a sonnet himself or even to give a definition of what a sonnet is. Mr. Bottomley will be well advised to stick to his own line of business, which is company-promoting combined with gutter journalism, and to refrain from commenting upon matters which are beyond his comprehension; otherwise he may find himself in serious trouble from which it will be beyond the possibility even of a City alderman to extricate him.

We cannot say that the much-boomed Repertory Theatre under the control of Mr. Charles Frohman has opened with the happiest auguries. *THE ACADEMY* has nothing but good wishes for a genuine repertory theatre, and is moreover of the opinion that Mr. Charles Frohman is far better qualified to dictate the scheme of such an enterprise and manage its workmanship than many persons with far more high-sounding "literary" and "intellectual" pretensions. But it seems at the outset of affairs that Mr. Frohman has been misled by his advisers, for the first two plays produced under his repertory system at the Duke of York's cannot in any way, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be considered as notable additions to our modern drama. The first play, called "Justice," is the work of Mr. John Galsworthy, and the second production, which is not a play at all, comes from Mr. G. B. Shaw, and both have been produced by Mr. Granville Barker, so we may observe that the old family party which used to hold receptions in Sloane Square has now removed to St. Martin's Lane. Mr. Galsworthy's "Justice" is nothing but a very dull and entirely undramatic Socialistic tract, as might have been expected from an author of Mr. Galsworthy's sentimental Socialistic tendencies. Mr. Galsworthy, it seems, is not entirely content with the system of administrative justice as enforced by the laws of this country, and so he presents a hypothetical and arbitrarily postulated illustration of its disastrous effect upon an artificially conceived individual character. The whole thing is conceived in the spirit and executed in the manner which used to distinguish the crudest temperance tracts that were once distributed in beershops some thirty years ago. Mr. Galsworthy's young man is ruined by "Justice" just as the young man in the temperance tracts used to be ruined by drink. In other words, they both perish from an entirely impossible combination of circumstances. Why the much-advertised Repertory Theatre should be used as a platform for such performances passes the comprehension of anybody unacquainted with the managerial policy that used to govern the dramatic life of Sloane Square.

The second production at the Repertory Theatre is, however, even worse than the first. Mr. Shaw has grown so contemptuous of the gibbering parasites who consider it "intellectual" to babble his praises that he offers them more contemptible fare on each successive occasion. "Getting Married" was dull and foolish, but "Misalliance" is frankly idiotic. It means nothing, it represents nothing, it suggests nothing. Here are a few of the latest samples of those purest gems of wit and wisdom which we are told have made Mr. Shaw so justly famous:—

"Draw a line and make other chaps toe it; that's what I call morality."



"I suppose wrinkles are meant to repel young girls."

"I like a bit of a mongrel myself, whether it is a man or a dog."

"The danger of public business is that it never ends."

"If no one agrees with you, how are you to know you are not a fool?"

"Perhaps in a thousand years it will be bad form for a man to know who his parents are."

"Let the family be rooted out of civilisation; let the future race be brought up in institutions."

"A man who is married can do what he likes if his wife doesn't mind; a widower cannot be too careful."

"Common people do not pray; they mostly beg."  
 . . . "Why do you pray, then?" "To remember that I have a soul."

"Can no woman understand a man's delicacy?"

"Providence likes to be tempted."

"Paradoxes are the only truths (read Chesterton)."

"Democracy reads well, but it does not act well (read Somebody's plays)."

"Wherever you are, you are there, anyhow."

Mr. Shaw's last entertainment is stuffed with good things of this character, which, it seems to us, are expressly designed to transplant an audience of rickety mentality into the nearest lunatic asylum. For the rest, it may be observed that the persons on the stage whose business it is to spout this nonsense are all peculiarly repellent in character. Mr. Shaw's women are repellent, and so are his men, a phenomenon forcing us to the conclusion that Mr. Shaw himself is constitutionally repelled by the idea or sense of sex. He cannot understand a man any more than he can understand a woman. Both sexes arouse his curiosity, neither satisfy it. He is perplexed, irritated, and repelled. From such a person as this we are asked to imbibe our rules and views of life by a gang of pretentious nonentities, male suffragettes, vegetarian cranks, and sentimental Socialists, who impose themselves upon the foolish and illiterate through the medium of the public prints. With the former persons, of course, it is merely a question of exploiting Mr. Shaw in the interests of good gold and silver, but there are many half-educated and indiscriminating persons in the country who are grievously imposed upon by the whole business. For ourselves we can only hope that some benevolent philanthropist will supply Mr. Shaw with a couple of elementary text-books on Manhood and Womanhood, and that in the meantime the Repertory Theatre will cease to produce these meretricious and ill-flavoured hodge-podges of idiot gabble and offensive suggestion which he has the impudence to describe as "plays."

The result of the division in the House of Commons on Mr. Austen Chamberlain's amendment to the Address demonstrates the fact that the doom of Free Trade is at hand, if it has not been already accomplished. Mr. Chamberlain, on behalf of the official Opposition, moved his amendment in the following terms:—

But we humbly represent to your Majesty that this House views with anxiety the state of trade and employment in this country, and the failure of your Majesty's Ministers to recognise the nature and gravity of the situation, and regrets that there is no mention in your Majesty's gracious Speech of any

proposals for enlarging the market for British and Irish produce and increasing the demand for labour by a reform of our fiscal system, which would promote the growth and stability of our home trade, provide means for negotiating for the mitigation of foreign tariffs, and develop our over-sea trade, through the establishment of a system of mutual preference between the different portions of the Empire.

On the division, the amendment was defeated by the tremendous Free Trade majority of thirty-one! Two hundred and fifty-four Unionists voted in support of the amendment, whilst two hundred and eighty-five Radicals and Socialists voted against it. All the Nationalists abstained from voting, and as these gentlemen from their public utterances are confessed anti-Cobdenites it is fairly evident that Free Trade in the present Parliament is only represented by a minority of the House of Commons.

The action of the Socialists in voting against the amendment is easily explained. Professional politicians of their type thrive upon the poverty of the people. The more miserable the conditions of the democracy the more likely it is to support the paid demagogues in the vain hope that possibly some of their fantastic and insincere promises of a universal millennium will one day partially materialise. With the protection of British industries and the diminishing of distress and unemployment, results of necessity consequent upon a reform of our present tariff system, the Socialist members of Parliament would offer the melancholy spectacle of resembling a company of Othellos, inasmuch as their occupation would have gone.

The debate on Mr. Chamberlain's amendment produced a remarkably fine speech from Mr. Balfour, in which the case for a protective tariff was presented with masterly skill. So many extravagant and ill-considered statements have been made by advocates of Tariff Reform, whose enthusiasm has outrun their discretion, that Mr. Balfour's statesmanlike and moderate presentation of the case cannot be too carefully and widely read by the electorate. Incidentally we notice that Mr. Alfred Mond, the "wealthy patron of letters" who is now proprietor of Hueffer's *English Review*, spoke at great length in support of Free Trade. We also notice that the Radical papers attach considerable importance to Mr. Mond's utterances on the ground that he is a business man with a wide knowledge of the commercial world. Such knowledge may certainly assist Mr. Mond to speak on matters of public finance, but we doubt whether it will assist him in his capacity of "a wealthy patron of letters," a fact which only deepens our pessimism as to the literary future of Hueffer's *English Review*.

A gentleman who writes in a daily hapenny paper, called the *Daily Record and Mail*, which, it appears, is published in Glasgow, has been getting into a great state of indignation caused by the references in *THE ACADEMY* to the "whisky-sodden electors" of Scotland. This brilliant gentleman's idea of the proper way to rebut the accusation of drunkenness which was seriously brought forward in *THE ACADEMY*, and which is now seriously repeated, takes the form of a violently abusive column, chiefly taken up with inaccurate and wholly irrelevant references to Lord



Alfred Douglas's collateral ancestors. For instance, the gentleman from Glasgow has a great deal to say about "Old Q," the famous Duke of Queensberry. But as this nobleman died unmarried and childless, it is hard to see what possible relation between his life and actions and those of THE ACADEMY and Lord Alfred Douglas is supposed to exist. The undoubted fact that the consumption of alcohol in all the principal towns of Scotland is appalling and disgraceful is a matter which has been settled by official statistics. Take the native town of the *Daily Record and Mail*, Glasgow, for instance. Any one who has had the misfortune to reside for any length of time in that city is aware that every Saturday night witnesses a recurring orgie of revolting drunkenness; and there are many towns in Scotland where it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that nine-tenths of the male population, to say nothing whatever about women, habitually and, as a matter of course, go to bed drunk on Saturday night. These are the facts, and the *Daily Record's* young person will not get over them or lessen their significance by indulging in vulgar and impertinent personalities. As he professes to be a gentleman who is proud of his country it might not perhaps have been too much to expect from him to remember that there have been other Douglasses in Scotland besides "Old Q." There was, for instance, a Douglas at the battle of Bannockburn; but probably the *Daily Record's* young man's knowledge of history does not go back as far as that, and we will let it pass. Of course, we shall be the first to acknowledge that there is in Scotland a minority which comprises some of the best and finest characters to be found anywhere in the world, and we will even go so far as to say that many of the people who get drunk every Saturday night may, all the same, be very good fellows. The only points which we insisted on before, and which we insist on again, are that the majority get drunk and the majority vote Radical.

The activities of that most prolific of the *Daily News'* journalists, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, in the world of books continue in a tremendous fashion. Having just finished a "survey" of Thackeray which has served no purpose other than conclusively to demonstrate that he is incapable of appreciating either the spirit or method of Thackeray any more than he is able to appreciate the spirit or method of Dickens, Mr. Chesterton has produced a book which is variously described by his admirers as a "novel," a "stinging satire," and a work of "deep religious import." We have looked into the book in question, and a cursory glance at its pages convinces us that it is really one of those amazingly foolish pantomimic farces which Mr. Chesterton started with the heavily boomed "Napoleon of Notting Hill." Mr. Chesterton, evidently believing that the British public cares for nothing so much as sport and religion, treats us this time to a ridiculous fight and a great deal of "religious" jargon strongly reminiscent of the "medical patter" delivered from the stage by Mr. Bodie in the days when he used to call himself a doctor. We have no reason to complain about Mr. Chesterton, or anybody else for that matter, writing sensational farces that are likely to realise heavy profits, but once again we must emphatically protest against the pompous and offensive manner in which Christianity, "atheism," the Creator, and all religion are unceremoniously dragged in to bolster up Mr. Chesterton's pretensions to be considered a man of philosophical light and leading. Mr. Chesterton has played his circus-clown antics now for some years to this end, with, we believe, considerable profit to himself, and all the paragraphs and tame reviewers who pick up scraps from his table work in the same fashion. For ourselves, we are more than tired of the trick.

## A DEDICATION

I would have shown you songs for mirth,  
Of Youth and You and our Love's birth;  
But, swift, its sudden bitter death  
Stole all the sweetness from my breath.  
So find, that so to find are free,  
Some music in much misery.

C. K. S. M.

## THE HOLIDAY

I have been down to ease me in the calm  
Corners of Peace, who is as soft of tread  
As afternoon, and gentle as the dead,  
And carrieth a blessing in her palm,  
And heals with homely ointments and with balm  
The heart that trembled and the feet that bled;  
So one may go abroad or lie abed  
Devoid of tremor, anguish, ache or qualm.

Lord, what a nest they have prepared for us  
As if we were a new babe, or a toad  
That wanted warming; with what kindly fuss  
They hide away the burden and the goad . . .  
I had as leave be damned as prosper thus—  
Give me my pack, give me my terrible road.

T. W. H. C.

## A DISHONEST CABINET

THE dismal plight to which the great Liberal party has been reduced, and the feeble and precarious hold which up to the moment of our going to press it still retains on the spoils of office, would be a matter for contemptuous laughter were it not also so plainly symptomatic of national disgrace and humiliation. What the Government will contrive to do during the few weeks or the few months of life which they are destined to enjoy has ceased to be a matter of any great importance one way or the other. Who cares now whether or not by a squalid compromise with the Irish party they may be able to scrape together a sufficient majority to push through the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George's calamitous and discredited Budget? For our own part we do not at present consider it likely that they will be able even to achieve this much; but there is a bare possibility that the provisions of the Budget may after all become law. In that case the unjust and paralysing clauses which it contains will be repealed at the earliest possible moment on the re-entry into power of the Conservative party, which is now assured. And who cares what form their ludicrous paper diatribe against the House of Lords and the Constitution may ultimately take? Its practical effect will, as everybody knows, be absolutely nil. Whatever hopes of a revolutionary legislation against the Constitution may have been entertained by such twittering mediocrities as Mr. Hilaire

Belloc and his like, every serious politician on either side of the House has been perfectly aware from the first that no real business was meant in that direction. Even Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill must have been aware of this; for we will not insult their intelligence, such as it is, by imagining that they really believed for a moment that this country would allow itself to be governed by a single Chamber. Before such a state of affairs had been brought to pass the Liberal party, even backed up by a good working majority, would have had to wade through not only the House of Lords, but the Army and the Navy, and the solid physical and intellectual superiority of the Conservative and Unionist parties combined. We are not suggesting that either Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill is a person of superior intelligence. On the contrary, we hold, and we have always held them to be, distinctly below the average of normal intellectual attainment. Other people in their mad worship of what they are pleased to call "success" may have been deluded into regarding them as serious statesmen. But we imagine that even these people must at last be beginning to realise that they were wrong in their estimation. Even the most "stalwart" Radical that ever thumped a tub must admit that two gentlemen who are able by their efforts at legislation to turn a Liberal majority of 260 over all other parties combined into a bare majority of two over the Unionist party and a minority of 118 against the other parties combined, are not exactly inspired leaders or even capable men. But we shall not reproach Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, or, for that matter, Mr. Asquith for the mediocrity of their intellects; those intellects are as God made them, and no man is to be blamed for the failure to possess faculties with which nature has not endowed him. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Winston Churchill can no more help being stupid, dull-minded, unimaginative, and mentally short-sighted people than they can help their personal appearance, their physical strength, or their swiftness or otherwise of foot. But there is one thing that they can help, and that is their honesty. No man, however deficient mentally, is irresistibly compelled to be dishonest; and if it be not dishonest to inform the country that you intend to do certain things, well knowing at the time that you have neither the power nor the inclination to do them, then English words have lost their meaning. When Mr. Asquith, at the Albert Hall meeting, declared that he would refuse to accept office except under certain guarantees, and when Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill and the great majority of the members of the Liberal party repeated this assurance, and endorsed it with all the emphasis they could command, they were deliberately and wilfully misleading the country. We are quite aware that it is the fashion in the newspapers of to-day to assume and take for granted as a matter of course, at any rate in words, the high-mindedness and the disinterestedness of one's political opponents. Over and over again within the last few days we have read in the Conservative papers such phrases as, "No one would care to accuse a gentleman of Mr. Asquith's position of deliberate prevarication"; or again, "Mr. Asquith is an honourable gentleman," and so forth and so on. For our part, we have not the smallest hesitation in saying that in our opinion Mr. Asquith has done little else but prevaricate ever since he came into power four years ago. While as to his being an honourable gentleman, we fail to see anything the least honourable in telling a public meeting that office will not

be taken except under certain guarantees, and then quietly taking office without those guarantees. This may be Mr. Asquith's idea of honour; but it is not THE ACADEMY's idea of honour, nor do we believe it to be the idea of honour of the country at large. The moral of all this is that what is wanted in the rulers of this country, to whatever party they may belong, is not what the *Daily Mail* calls "cleverness," or what Mr. T. P. O'Connor calls "brilliance," or what the Americans, including a certain branch of the Churchill family, call "smartness," but Honesty. A man of quite mediocre intelligence, provided he is honest, and provided, of course, that he is not an absolute fool, will always make a better statesman and a better leader than all the "brilliant," "smart," "keen," "brainy," "go-ahead," "up-to-date" "hustlers" and "boosters" that the *Daily Mail* ever heard about or conceived in its wildest dreams of "scoop" or plunder. This is the lesson which this country had learnt long ago, and which lately, under the benevolent tutelage of the Harmsworths, the Pearsons, the Newnes, the Cadburys, and the rest of them, it has begun to forget. There is a certain innate intrinsic force in honesty which in the long run is bound to make itself felt. We need hardly say that, other things being equal, the more brains we can import into our conduct of public affairs the better for us all. But that is another story.

## MANNERS SUTTON AND MANNING FOSTER

REX V. CROSLAND is a matter which, for legal reasons, we cannot for the moment discuss further in these columns. But there is a point of the highest public importance which it is necessary and proper for us to discuss, and which can be discussed without prejudice to the new actions we have been compelled to launch. At an office in Clifford's Inn there has been for some time past conducted, and there is at present conducted, a publishing business under the style and title of Cope and Fenwick. It has been clearly demonstrated, and we have Mr. Manners Sutton's own sworn word for it, that Cope and Fenwick is a firm which consists of Mr. Manners Sutton himself, who is half-proprietor, and of Mr. A. E. Manning Foster, who is the other half-proprietor. With them, acting in the capacity of manager, they have one Hannaford Bennett, who, in addition to being the paid employee of Cope and Fenwick, is the proprietor of a small publishing business known as the Century Press, and fills up his time "reading" for Mr. John Long, who is a publisher in the Haymarket. These three persons, that is to say, Messrs. Manners Sutton, Manning Foster, and Hannaford Bennett, are the three persons responsible for the affairs of Cope and Fenwick. They may be suitably served by clerks and office boys, but the responsibilities of the "house" devolve upon their shoulders, and Messrs. Manners Sutton and Manning Foster are the persons who share the profits of the business, while Hannaford Bennett takes his profit out of it in the way of a salary. It has been proved in open court, and from the files of Somerset House, that Mr. Manners Sutton holds three hundred shares in the firm of Greening, publishers, of St. Martin's Lane. It has been proved also that these three hundred shares were sold to him by Mr. Manning Foster, who, however, still retains three hundred shares in Greening's, and is a qualified director of Greening and Company, Limited. Messrs. Greening are the publishers whom we have

*Continued on page 200.*



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described in these columns as a firm who produce "fairly naughty or foolish books, and declare very fat dividends in consequence." We have also described them as "a foolish, low comedian, anything-for-money house." They are the publishers of a book from which Mr. Manners Sutton was invited to read at the trial of Mr. Crosland, and which contains at least one passage of a most unseemly, indelicate, and improper kind. Months ago Messrs. Greening threatened us with an action for libel for saying what we have said about them; but this action they have not yet brought, and they dare not bring it, because they know perfectly well that they would be sure to lose it. As we have seen, not only does Mr. Manners Sutton hold shares in this firm of Greening, but his partner, Mr. Manning Foster, holds an equal number of shares, and is qualified to act as a director. As regards Hannaford Bennett, there can be no getting away from the fact that while he is Cope and Fenwick's manager, he is also John Long's reader, and John Long, as everybody knows, was the publisher of Hubert Wales's book, "The Yoke," which, after months of agitation on the part of THE ACADEMY, was suppressed by the police. Mr. Long has since published other books of an unsavoury kind, the withdrawal of one of which this paper was instrumental in procuring. Of Mr. Manners Sutton, Mr. Manning Foster, and Hannaford Bennett, it may therefore be reasonably said that they are singular persons to be engaged in the publication of religious books. It is not necessary for us to insist that the people who drive fat oxen should themselves be fat. And so long as Messrs. Cope and Fenwick, or, in other words, Messrs. Manners Sutton and Manning Foster and their manager, Hannaford Bennett, had been content merely to publish religious or semi-religious books as publishers *qua* publishers and commercial people, their position might have been defensible, if not altogether unassailable. But this extraordinary trio have not satisfied themselves with simple religious publishing. One of them, Mr. Manners Sutton, who, in the opinion of an English jury as well as in our opinion, is a person "whom it would be difficult for reasonable people to libel," has avowed himself among the supporters of and the contributors to a religious magazine known as the *Re-Union Magazine*. Another of them, Mr. Manning Foster, formerly of the *County Gentleman and Land and Water*, and still a qualified director of Greening's, acts as editor of, and has avowed himself a contributor to and supporter of, this same *Re-Union Magazine*, which, of course, is published by Messrs. Cope and Fenwick, otherwise Manners Sutton and Manning Foster, whose manager is Hannaford Bennett, reader to John Long, who published "The Yoke," which was suppressed by the police. On the whole, the house that Jack built is not in it with these high-minded young gentlemen who pant for the re-union of the Christian churches, who treat us to wonderful articles about the "Invisible Church of Christ," and who, until we taught them better manners, did not scruple to publish anti-fat and sore-leg cures in the advertisement pages of a magazine in which, by the nature of things, the Holy Name occurs on almost every page. On a circular issued prior to the publication of the *Re-Union Magazine* the names of Mr. Manners Sutton and Mr. Manning Foster appeared in the same type as those of various bishops, Church dignitaries, and divines who were to contribute to or support the *Re-Union Magazine*. That Manners Sutton and Manning Foster should continue to print their names in such excellent company is not, perhaps, a matter for which we should blame them. But

what does the company think of it all? Are the bishops of the Christian Churches content to lie down with these lambs from the fold of Messrs. Greening? Do they approve of the little shepherd of the lambs in the shape of Hannaford Bennett, of John Long's? Either they are content and they approve, or they are not content and they do not approve. In the latter event, it is their plain duty to themselves, and to the Churches they represent, that they should dissociate themselves at once from part or lot with the *Re-Union Magazine*. The re-union of Christendom may be a desirable ideal; obviously there can be no possible wickedness in a bishop or any other divine desiring that the Churches of Christ should be made one. But we are inclined to think that whatever is necessary to be done with a view to bringing about the consummation can be quite well and respectably done without the kind and enthusiastic assistance of Messrs. Manners Sutton, Manning Foster, and Hannaford Bennett. We shall scan with interest the list of the contributors to the next number of the *Re-Union Magazine*. After our own repeated reference to the subject, and after what has taken place at the Old Bailey, no religious person in his senses can plead ignorance further.

## DE STENDHAL AND "LA CHARTREUSE DE PARME"

BEFORE expressing what, after all, is but an individual opinion, it seems to be fitting to quote what Mr. Maurice Hewlett says in his introduction to De Stendhal's "La Chartreuse de Parme." He refers to the author in the following eulogistic terms:—"A dry point, a whim incarnate, a thinker who drove his passions before him through closed walls. . . . He was of your rare, slow-digesting order of genius . . . whose fastidiousness was extreme. . . . 'La Chartreuse de Parme' . . . I soberly believe to be the greatest novel of France. . . . The crowning moment of the life of this delightful creature," *i.e.*, of Fabrice, "comes when he is fast in prison in the Farnese tower. . . . No more romantic figures than Fabrice, Clelia, and Gina, no finer gentleman than Mosca della Rovere . . . will stand up in a French novel." Turning to the author himself, his introducer says: "He got his conciseness, his dry lights, his blessed reliance upon naked fact, his style of the *procès*, which sets him at an advantage over the wordy Balzac. One of the admirable features of the book is its steady organic growth, its march of circumstance (given certain characters in certain conjunctions), and the resultant conviction at the close that what you have been witnessing unawares is the whole of the life of a world." Nor is this all. "For irony, of which (in both kinds) he was a master, it is difficult to express one's admiration; luckily one has only to say Read. . . . He has (like Cervantes) three of the requisites of romance, love of adventure, quickness of dramatic sense, and feeling for atmosphere." Finally, and as if to sum up, he writes: "De Stendhal fills you with his own large sense of life, ennobles you with his own large grasp of the great world."

So much for the introduction; and now let us turn to the novel itself, termed "La Chartreuse de Parme," which title, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with the book, that might as justly have been called "Strada del Chiaja" or "Torre del Farnese."



To attempt anything like an accurate detail of a story that ranges in its English edition over 534 large pages, is out of the question; and the main facts of the story may be thus set forth: Fabrice, the hero, is the younger son of the Marquis del Dongo, his father's sister, the other chief character, being Gina Pietranera, wife, and soon to be the widow, of the General of that name. Fabrice is an ardent admirer of Napoleon, and, hearing that the Emperor has escaped from Elba, he starts to join him; the boy being then but fifteen years of age, and of the height of five feet five inches, beyond which he does not appear to have ever advanced. His departure extremely angers his father, who is not a Buonapartist, but, aided by funds from his mother and his aunt, he departs for France, and eventually manages to come up with the French army just as it is retreating from Waterloo. The description of the boy's journeyings is not without merit, and the account throws a good light on the deplorable state of discipline in the French army; for De Stendhal had himself been a French soldier, and was an ardent admirer of Napoleon, so that what he says may be accepted as correct. After a good deal of adventure, which, however, is not put before the reader in a very taking manner, Fabrice at last manages to return to his home.

The scene now changes to Parma, where we have to do with the reigning sovereign, his Prime Minister, Count Mosca, and a number of others who have more or less concern with the story. Fabrice's aunt has by this time become the Duchess of Sanseverina, and is the acknowledged mistress of the Prime Minister. The Duchess and her husband have parted by previous arrangement and mutual consent, the aged Duke having taken himself off on an Embassy. Every one in Parma appears to be cognisant of the Duchess's real position, but as it seems that in that charming little capital all the ladies were something more than merely rakes at heart, nothing occurs to disturb the happiness of the Duchess and Count Mosca. Fabrice now appears on the scene. He is only just of age, and, rather to complicate matters, his aunt, the Duchess, falls in love with him, but finally Mosca, consumed with jealousy, arranges that Fabrice shall study for some years in Naples at the Theological College. He is to be permitted to amuse himself with as many *liaisons* as he chooses, being, however, strictly bound to obedience to all Church tenets. His reward is to be eventually the Archbishopric of Parma! While at Naples this "delightful creature" leads a very free-and-easy life, and our author calmly informs us that his mother and sisters (who are kept exceedingly short of cash by Fabrice's father) stint themselves, so as to supply the future ornament of the Church with money to maintain his—mistresses! Eventually Fabrice returns from Naples, having by arrangement obtained certain prizes in the Theological College, and is promised the reversion of the Archbishopric, the present holder of the office being a very old man.

So far, the ruling Sovereign has looked with favourable eyes on Fabrice, knowing how deeply the Duchess is interested in her nephew's welfare, and as His Highness desires to win the Duchess's love, she having hitherto been obstinately faithful to Mosca, Fabrice is on the high way to preferment. In Parma he behaves quite as he did at Naples, and wanders from bower to bower, until enraging the lover of an actress, he is obliged to kill the man in self-defence, and at once flees out of the Parma territory. Here it may be asked why he did so, for the man he had slain was a person in the lowest rank of life, and with the Prime Minister to protect him he surely need have feared

nothing. For no reason that one can conceive, the Sovereign takes up the cudgels for the slain actor, and being totally ignorant of what had really occurred, he turns against Fabrice, who, by a device, is seized and lodged in prison. There is not even the pretence of a trial, and the lord of Parma allows it to be generally understood that Fabrice is to be executed.

Now occur further complications. In a scene that appears unexplainable, the Duchess waits on the Prince to secure her beloved nephew's release, and is promised that her desire shall be gratified; but although the Prince has showed by his treatment of one of the Duchess's enemies that he quite meant to act up to his word, without rhyme or reason, when left to himself, he despatches an order to the prison for Fabrice's "strictest confinement."

Why he first turned on the lad is never explained, and, in fact, the ruler of Parma's conduct is unaccountable. Fabrice is securely guarded, and will very probably be put to death; poisoned food being indeed several times sent up to him. The Governor's daughter, the beautiful Clelia, is the *Deus ex machina*, and coming to his rescue, for the first time in his disreputable career Fabrice really loves a pure, true-minded girl. He cannot, however, secure his release, and the various plots and counterplots that we here enter into are wearisome to a degree. Mosca is charged by the Duchess with mismanaging the business of Fabrice's pardon, and to the Prime Minister's bitter sorrow he is cast off. Fabrice being very closely guarded, it was well nigh impossible for him to have had intercourse with any outsider, but the guards are bribed, and, in fact, the impossibilities grow so thick, that the reader at last is prepared to accept anything in the way of a scheme of escape. Fabrice, having got clear of his prison, is now deeply in love with Clelia, with whom, however, the Duchess takes care there shall be no engagement of marriage, and Clelia is presently forced into a betrothal with the Marquis Crescenzi.

Just at this juncture the Prince dies, being succeeded by his son, a mere stripling, but quite old enough to be madly in love with the Duchess. Fabrice again falls into the hands of the authorities, and the young Prince swears that if the Duchess will be his, Fabrice shall be released. The Duchess agrees to this—never intending to keep her promise, and when Fabrice is safely beyond the frontier, she attempts to evade her obligation, but she is held to it, and furiously wroth, she at once leaves Parma, declaring she will never set foot in the place again. She then makes it up with Mosca, and the two are at once married. Years pass, and Fabrice, who has stayed in Parma, is now the Archbishop, Mosca being again Prime Minister, and finding Clelia, who has long since married the Marquis Crescenzi, he induces the all-powerful Mosca to carry off the Marquis, so as to enable him to continue his disgraceful intrigue with Clelia. This connection between the Archbishop and the Marchioness continues for years, when the son of this union dying, Fabrice retires from his ecclesiastical functions and the book comes to an end.

With the exception, perhaps, of the unhappy wife of the Sovereign Prince, there is not one pure woman in the entire story, while the men, one and all, and notwithstanding Mr. Maurice Hewlett's pronouncement, Mosca included, are of a degraded type. This may be true to Italian life in the middle of the nineteenth century, but, if so, all the worse for the Italians. And the most extraordinary disclosure in this work is the condition of the Roman Catholic Church. All these women, from the Duchess in the highest rank to the disreputable Faustina in the vilest class, regularly attend church and go through their devotions, while living in continuous and scandalous

sin, the Church authorities either winking at this, or condoning it absolutely. As to Fabrice, when he obtains the Archbishopric he enacts all the solemn duties of his office, being engaged the meantime in ruining body and soul the one woman, Clelia, who we would dare to believe would never have gone astray if left to herself.

Where is the "dry point, the whim incarnate," referred to in the introduction? While as to the author's conciseness, it is difficult to see in what manner this is instanced, for rather to the contrary, De Stendhal is diffuse to a degree; the long-drawn soliloquies of his characters, for instance, being a great strain on the reader's patience, retarding as they do the advance of the story.

Where also is "the steady organic growth" referred to? On the contrary Fabrice is just the same feather-brained egotist all through. At one period he had some intuition as to right feeling and honour, but when the time for action arrives all his brave words are forgotten, and he becomes the very incarnation of selfish indulgence: If there is this "steady organic growth" we should see the Duchess and Mosca changing for the better or the worse; but they leave the stage just as they entered upon it, exactly the same Gina, and the same Prime Minister, as they were when first introduced to the reader.

Reference is made to the author's power of irony, but in "La Chartreuse" it can hardly be seriously urged that the few attempts that are made at this are a success. It is argued that, like Cervantes, our author has "quickness of dramatic sense and feeling for atmosphere." Now the action of the story is mainly in Parma, but what is there in the book to bring this very clearly home to the reader? Indeed, for all that Parma has to do with the story, any other city of Italy might just as well have been selected for the *mise en scène*. Then as to the quickness of the dramatic sense. The various interviews drag out in an unmeaning fashion, and if they lead to results, these are frequently improbable. Who could, for instance, believe for one moment that the Prince, after making violent love to the Duchess, would take with good grace her request to him to be courteously civil to his wife, or that the man should have acted willingly on her suggestion? A sovereign who despised and disliked his consort would be most unlikely to be kind to her, on the suggestion of a woman who had distinctly refused to accommodate herself to his wishes.

When the young Prince succeeds his father, the Duchess, to secure Fabrice's release, agrees to yield to him. She never professes to have any morality—all the time intending to disappoint her ardent adorer. She dismisses her lover, the Prime Minister, to whom, as she proudly avers, she has actually been faithful for five years, and having entirely ceased to care for him she encourages him to plunder the State he is set to guard, and then again, seemingly for no reason whatever, joins him and goes through the ceremony of marriage with him! No one in the book is consistent. Rassi, the Chief Justice, throws over his sovereign for the Prime Minister, which is just the very last thing such a rascal would ever have done; and Mosca, who is in a very tight corner, and sees power slipping away from him on every side, uses abusive language and threats to Rassi, which an official in his awkward situation would never have dared to employ.

We are assured that De Stendhal ennobles his readers with his own large grasp of the great world! Where is this large grasp? Certainly not in the story of the doings of the people in a petty state, where the morals of the poultry-yard are not even backed up by the courage of the bravo. The hero cries and weeps and sulks like a very girl; he treats every woman with whom he has anything to do as a mere adjunct to his particular pleasure; he deliberately enters a sacred profession, and while engaged in the holiest offices of his lofty ecclesiastical rank he is debauching Clelia, who, but for his interference, might have remained as pure a soul as she certainly was before his evil influence was brought to bear upon her. This man, this "delightful creature," rides roughshod over the code of honour and true loyalty to woman, and where the charm lies in such a character it is impossible to see.

De Stendhal had few readers in his lifetime, but he prophesied that in later years he would be more fortunate. Perhaps this may be so, because otherwise a writer of such renown as Maurice Hewlett would not have been asked to pen the introduction to this novel; but that De Stendhal deserves to be better known or more widely read will not be allowed by those who hold that it is a writer's duty to depict the good as well as the bad, and who are convinced that in this sty of impurity in which the author of "La Chartreuse de Parme" wallows without signs of a protest, there must have been another side to the canvas which presents the Italians of the period in such an evil light.

## THE WITCH OF EN-DOR

THE Witch: O Teraphim, O Teraphim, let me caress thee! Sweet familiar spirit, frown not upon thy silver platter in the vivid glow with such ghastly merriment. Thou art the skull of a king's first-born son, who dwelt in Shushan towards Ecbatane. Young thou wert and fairly grown; the great joy of thy Median mother, who brought thee robes of Egyptian linen fringed with blue, and set a jewelled ring upon thy head. Thy body was as amber, pale and fine, thine eye-opals shone like wan lamps behind thy lashes, thy lips were threaded purple as the royal dyes of Tarshish and of Tyre, and thy hands firmer than carved shittim-wood. And thou didst love a maiden whom thou hadst seen one even by Choaspes river; thou wouldst lie amid the reeds at nights, careless of wild beasts and sly crocodiles, playing her romances on thy silver tabret. But she was my daughter, O deluded youth, whom I send across the world to do my bidding, and in those days I had no Teraphim. So she came to thee once from out the sliding waters in sea-green garb o'ersewn with corals, her face more white than water-lilies and her orbs beryl-line as faint fen-fires. And she sang enchantments in a voice as many rushes whispering, till slumber overtook thee, and I flew from En-dor in a tempest and hewed off thy head to be my Teraphim. Yea, thy beloved danced with elfin glee to behold my clean knife smite thee. As the willows in the wind she shook, and thy blood but stained her corals redder. Ah-h! I shall ne'er forget thy father's hall rear white beneath the moon and the river flowing past unheeding as I slew thee on its slippery edges amid the tall bulrushes. Oh, look not so askance at me; 'tis almost as if thou hadst eyelids betimes. Am I not a handsome wife for thee, with all these gold Syrian coins wildering my pleached hair and my skin withered yellow as an adder's from where my throat leaps to my toothless gums that mumble? There are twin serpents in mine eyes which dart like splinters of carbuncle through the besetting blears of age, and my arms are as tree-roots, snaky, and tenuous, and thin. Oho! I can work wonders, as thou knowest. Wanton, where are thy beauty and thy manhood gone? Yea, now, thou hope of kingdoms and of monarchs clad in amethyst, thy flayed head looms upon my antient platter to be a feast for me and give forth oracles to all my questionings.

Alack! We women are but doited crones when we love. What is the warm, soft flesh, the sensuous touch, to the sharp joy of kissing these hard bones that hurt the eager lips for their endearments. Let me breathe in the vague, sad cavern of thy mouth. Ha! I would make the smarting brine start to thy grinning eye-holes in response to my keen glances. I am no sib, but a king's spouse, Belovèd—thy mother never had another son. (The Teraphim laughs.)

The Witch: O, gruesome, gruesome, to mock her woe so cruelly! But what makes thee rattle thus upon the salver, my frolic? I hear voices, and the blood of men bites my quick nostrils. Who knocketh at my door?

Saul: An elder and his sons who would commune with thee, O Woman of En-dor. (The Teraphim jeers.)

The Witch: Hush thee, my shrivelled monkey! Away,

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away with ye! Know ye not that the great King Saul hath banished all the wizards of the land? Some he rolled down the hills bounden to wheels, others he drowned at night in iron vessels smeared with pitch, like shrilling mice within black waters. I dare but practise my dim arts in secret. Why would ye snare my life, base fowlers? Go hence, lest my Powers of Darkness beat ye with their scourges!

Saul: Nay, Woman, I swear that thy years are sacred to me as the apple of mine eye and the name of Jehovah who rules the voids and circling brother-spheres. Let us in at En-dor, the fountain of habitation which lieth south of Tabor, lest we raze thy hovel to the ground as Jabin's hosts were razed by Barak.

The Witch: Thy roarings beat upon mine ears as waves against a harsh rock. Enter—but leave thy men without! (Murmurings follow. Then Saul enters, disguised in a dark cloak.)

The Witch: Oh, oh, a giant. Step nearer to the cauldron's flame that I may behold thee, for mine eyes grow rheumy at the sight of so much strength. Oh, titanic in the red light! I catch the glint of sapphires beneath the tattered edges of thy mantle, thy golden sandals run up to thy close, brown knees. Such arms were bred to wear huge bracelets and wield tremendous swords, on such brows a tarnished crown would flash for very pride. Thou plaguest my senses like a storm of locusts. Would I were as Delilah to shear thee, Samson!

Saul: Daughter of Belial, cease thy evil leering. My mind is not with hags but vaster issues. Let me consult thy familiars and I will pay thee well.

The Witch: If thou wert not of this stature the wrath between thy brows would not restrain me. I would blast as the sinews upon Jacob's thigh and change thy limbs to scaly leprosy and thy existence to abomination. But thy splendour aches in my bosom and makes my pulses throb. Master, what wouldst thou?

Saul: I would see Samuel.

The Witch: So be it! (She stoops over the cauldron with uplifted arms.)

Lo, all things primordial keep their essence in the fire-core and the world is as a cauldron wherein life's poisonous potion seethes for aye. . . . Samuel! leader of Israel and Prince in God: Appear! . . . (A silence ensues. Saul has sat down on his haunches and gazes into the cauldron with his chin on his hands. The lurid flames strike his sapphire-studded sandals and soar in a single spire to the blackened roof. The Witch remains standing; a tethered horse neighs without.)

The Witch: Ah-h! I see gods arising from the earth! Out of the far depths they sweep, graves yawn and vaulted tombs crash down. The dead fly forth, the worms slide blindly through the moist, brown holes, opening their sick mouths for their 'scaping prey, the dull clods roll into disgorging chasms and springing flowers are overturned. I scent the dank soil and the whirling dust. How the gods ascend!

O Lords of Cabalah! Now, now, he cometh—an old man covered with a raven cloak. Help me, ye hydras, Chimaeras and ponderous Behemoth! Start to my aid, O Chemosh, Dagon and red Moloch! O devils, devils, how me-fears this spell! (The Teraphim shrieks. The fire dies into ruddy embers. A murky apparition rises from the cauldron. Saul bows his forehead to the ground.)

The Witch: Thou hast deceived me—thou art Saul! Teraphim, sweet Teraphim, the dead alone speak truth.

The Spirit of Samuel: Saul! Saul! Why hast thou wakened me and disturbed the long sleep of the Lord's recalled? Have not the tears of Israel soaked through my shroud enow of late that thou must rouse me from my grave in Ramah?

Saul: O Samuel, I am drear at heart, for Achish the Philistine and all his soldiery have pitched their tents by Shunem, and his armies are so mighty that my bowels turn to water, and courage hath forsaken the fortress of

my being. The prophets, the Urim, and the dream-tellers were deaf to my inquiries, their throats are locked against me, and so I cried on thee. Have ruth and pity, O dead chieftain! Woe is me, for I have grown a coward.

The Spirit: Plead not with Samuel syne the Presence of the Omnipotent hath departed from thy countenance and laid thy grand soul waste. Thy lamp is shattered in infernal gloom, and thy hand broken upon thy spear. What wilt of me, O godless, in these licentious haunts? Go! The Master hath deserted thee for thou didst tremble at sight of temporal power; because thou wert a-dread of heathen imageries. Thy faith sank down, thy belly went hungry and thy throat parched for terror of the lewd, bearded warriors with their idols, their armour, their shields and hostile chariots. Therefore thou art accursed and thy voice unheeded by God, since thou didst doubt the potencies of Him who went in a pillar of cloud and flame before His chosen through the Red Sea of Mizraim; who forced the living waters to cleave the solid rock and raised the dead up by a Brazen Snake. O Saul, thy kingdom is riven from thee, thy sceptre bended and thy crown cast down: the royal psalmist shall possess thy throne. Wrath comes upon thee, and thy sons; thou wilt be with me to-morrow, for thou and they shall fall in battle on Mount Gilboa. Thy scale hath kicked the beam, thy hours run out: Israel, thou art doomed!

(The Spirit vanishes in a clap of thunder. A sudden icy gust blows through the chamber and the fire is extinguished. In the darkness, Saul is dimly seen, lying face downwards on the ground, whilst the Witch of En-dor kisses the grey skull.)

Saul: Shaddai! Shaddai! (The Teraphim laughs.)

R. M. B.

## REVIEWS

### WARREN HASTINGS

*Selections from the State Papers of the Governors-General of India.* Edited by G. W. FORREST, C.I.E. (Constable and Co., Ltd. 2 vols., 21s. net.)

THESE two volumes, which constitute a more exhaustive survey of the civil and judicial measures of administration by which Warren Hastings sought to improve upon the state of Indian rule, or rather mis-rule, than that which was issued under the same editorship eighteen years ago, form a most important, because they may be said to implicate a conclusive, argument for the defence and justification of a much-maligned British statesman and ruler. Judged in the clear light of dispassionate reason, the thousand-and-one distortions accruing from the meaner policies and arrogant individualities of private contract and enterprise, are wholly deprived of their one-side powers of conviction. Personalities of government or policy make way for principles, for it is by principles alone that such a serious matter as the public arraignment of a public character of note can be fundamentally justified. That a negative ground of justification, such as a merely personal accusation of mis-rule, was as illegitimate as it was legally offensive, Warren Hastings made as plain by deed as by word. His slanderers were wholly unable to comprehend the great principles which Hastings himself so well understood and acted up to. They did not appreciate the fact that the man who had been so maliciously accused of gross tyrannies had no real political existence. For when Warren Hastings assumed the Governorship of Bengal he was no longer Warren Hastings, but Governor of Bengal. Thus the impeachment of the Governor of Bengal was a very different matter to the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq., as the former impeachment demanded complete suspension as well as immediate recall, whereas the latter simply demanded verbal refutation on the part of the party accused, such refutation being as sound in the conditions of truth as the accusation was itself.

The trial of Warren Hastings, even though it ended in

his acquittal by the Lords, was an act of impious illegality, because there existed no popular outcry against tyranny or mis-rule upon which a public impeachment and recall of a Governor might have been founded. The trial owed its source to mere personal resentments and animosities, which should have been dealt with privately. Indeed, these two volumes of Mr. Forrest's make a clean case of trumpery farce of the whole proceedings against a great and original Englishman, who slaved for the honour and welfare, not of his own country or Company alone, but for the peace and prosperity of the whole Indian Empire, such as it then was under British protection. Mr. Forrest holds that "his merits as the director of foreign wars and diplomacies should not be allowed to eclipse his importance as an administrator who had a love for good, wise, and stable government." Indeed, it would be perfectly right and just to go further, and say that his merits as a Governor were so truly great as to be absolutely beyond any public, and therefore political, ground of impeachment. So spoke the distinguished voice of the English nobility when they acquitted this much-injured man.

And here it may be well to remark upon the apparent paradox of this political event, by which a private gentleman, to wit, Warren Hastings, Esq., was made liable to trial by peers for non-political charges. How was it, for instance, that the House of Lords became moved to an act of adjudgment which, in a constitutional sense, was an arbitrary or tyrannical act of adjudgment on its part? That the House acquitted Hastings is not relevant to the question of legality. As far as the House of Peers was concerned, this paradox in political processes was the result of exceptional circumstance. Hastings was not then primarily responsible for his political acts to the Crown, but to a board of directors of a great and powerful company. The Crown had not yet assumed the paramount control of affairs which was destined afterwards to extend throughout the length and breadth of a vast empire. Consequently there was no political ground of tenure, apart from the regulating forms (civil and judicial) of private enterprise, by which a national or prescribed policy of representation was to be maintained. It was to an Act (the Regulating Act of 1773) subsequent to the events of policy which led up to the charges in the impeachment, that the House of Lords owed or acquired any legal or constituent rights of adjudgment. Thus the whole responsibility of the miserable and impotent affair of the trial rested upon the Company, or rather, upon the shoulders of those directors of it who were solely actuated by narrow or personal convictions, and not by any means from any ideas of real political needs or sound forms of political justice.

The dignified attitude of Warren Hastings's defence, which is so aptly exposed in Mr. Forrest's searching and powerful treatment, stands out in brilliant contrast to the petty, vindictive, and peculiarly conflicting arguments which actuated the smaller intellects of his accusers. The intrigues and cabals during the administration of affairs by Hastings were apparently not due to any base conflict of factions as far as the Governor himself was concerned, but rather to the universal failure of the Government colleagues to understand and appreciate the grand and co-ordinating policy of their high-souled superior. Some of the above gentlemen were indeed impressed with a high idea of the merits of Hastings, which, of course, gave rather an inconsistent appearance to their subsequent antagonism, but that was prior to any actual experience of his activities as Governor. They may be said to have understood and appreciated the force of character in the man, though they completely failed to understand and appreciate the force of character in the supreme official. India, with its existing forms of official abuse and corruption, never perhaps needed the resuscitating powers of a wise and stable government as it did then. Hastings supplied these powers. One of his first acts was to inaugurate a better system for the collection of the revenues in the place of the iniquitous one worked by the native

zemindars. As Mr. Forrest remarks, "a worse system of administration could not be imagined. The zemindars transferred the task of administration to subordinates. Inferior officers employed in the collections were permitted to establish a thousand modes of taxation. Fines were levied at pleasure without regard to justice; and while each felt in his turn the iron rod of oppression, he redoubled these extortions on all beneath him." To ensure a firm foundation to the change in the executive control of the revenue, Hastings had the Kalsa, or chief revenue office, removed from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, thus bringing it under the direction of the Committee of Revenue. Needless to say that such a sweeping reform in the civil service could but give birth, as it did, to that attitude, both native and European, of official hostility and animosity of which Hastings himself became the victim. When, therefore, we come to the main causes of the charges, foremost of which was the incident of the Rohilla war, and the meaner incident of Nundcomar's base libel, the complexity of the conflicting elements becomes somewhat simplified. On one side we see ranged a character imbued with the imposing attributes of a universal order; on the other side, the muddled-up forces of individual desire, envy, and malice.

Picture some noble animal at bay, and you get, with the majestic movements of its dignified defence, together with the vicious art of the multitudinous forms of attack, a true picture of the action of this great Indian administrator, as of the smaller or petty forms of his opponents and traducers.

Never throughout the entire pages of these volumes is the transcending dignity and vast intellect of the accused man weakened. Indeed, in a letter to Lord North, Hastings lays bare the crucial point of the whole situation of affairs, which point we have already commented upon. This point was the difference between a positive and negative form of government, or, as the letter in question discovers, the difference of position in a Governor for a Company and a Governor-General. But whatever arguments may be advanced counter to that argument which might be urged against the actual legality of the public trial of Hastings, Mr. Forrest's valuable and complete mass of evidence is sufficient to establish the high character and just rule of a most worthy representative of the national honour, who suffered under a peculiar and exceptional combination of opposing forces.

## THE SIMILES IN BROWNING'S "SORDELLO"

"SORDELLO" is more frequently regarded as an intellectual problem than as an artistic product. The reader of the poem has so much to learn before he can put himself at the proper point of view for attempting to understand it. He must be steeped in the history of mediæval Italy—the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellins, the conflicting jurisdictions of marquises, counts, bishops, and city magistrates—and he must learn to realise the existence of those somewhat shadowy yet dominant ideas of the time, the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Church in their hypothetically universal sway. No sooner has he learned all this than he must to some extent unlearn it, as he soon finds that the history is idealised—that the Sordello of Dante is not the Sordello of Browning—that the facts have been altered in order that they may be the framework of ideas applicable to all time. Again, Browning has invested the career of Sordello with so great an air of mystery, and has told his story so confusedly that the reader of the poem is apt to be entirely occupied with a problem to be solved, and consequently will leave æsthetic considerations entirely out of sight.

"Sordello," however, has its artistic side. The reader will become conscious of this in proportion as he turns



away from all those subjective passages which describe the introspective self-torture which Sordello inflicts upon himself, and directs his attention to the passages which either portray the persons in the story or in which the side-lights of architecture and heraldry and the pageantry of war and peace are thrown upon the seething chaos of the time.

Above all else the similes of "Sordello" become worthy of attention from the æsthetic standpoint. They are at once the finest things in the poem, and the things in it which are easiest to understand. Let it be admitted that they are all more or less bizarre in effect, and too recondite as regards the sources from which they are drawn, their daring originality remains. "Sordello" becomes allied to "Venus and Adonis," or to "Endymion," as an example of the working of a too exuberant fancy in a youthful poet.

At the very commencement (Book I., line 4) occurs a simile which at one time perplexed the critics and commentators, but which was subsequently discovered to be taken from Don Quixote.

"... for as the friendless-people's friend  
Spied from his hill-top once, despite the din  
And dust of multitudes, Pentapolin  
Named o' the Naked Arm, I single out  
Sordello."

What could be more beautiful than the following lines (80 et sequ.)?—

"That autumn eve was stilled:  
A last-remains of sunset dimly burned  
O'er the far forests, like a touch-flame turned  
By the wind back upon its bearer's hand  
In one long flare of crimson; as a brand,  
The woods beneath lay black."

Or, take the first glimpse given of Sordello himself (line 344):—

"morning breaks  
On the gay dress, and, near concealed by it,  
The lean frame like a half-burnt taper, lit  
Erst at some marriage-feast, then laid away  
Till the Armenian bridegroom's dying day,  
In his wool wedding-robe."

Again, here is Sordello's early home, the castle at Goito (line 384):—

"Some captured creature in a pound,  
Whose artless wonder quite precludes distress,  
Secure beside in its own loveliness,  
So peered with airy head, below, above,  
The castle at its toils, the lapwings love  
To glean among at grape-time."

At the commencement of Book II., how true yet how startling is the comparison of the early foliage of the larches to green smoke from a witch's cauldron, blent with the black pines! Yet Browning introduces this as a chance conceit of the minstrel Eglamor, which draws upon him the swift rebuke of his companion Naddo.

Again, when the trouvère Naddo would have interrupted the lay sung by Sordello at the Court of Love, but subsequently discovers his mistake as to the latter's powers as a minstrel, how apposite is the comparison:—

"Back fell Naddo more aghast  
Than some Egyptian from the harassed bull  
That wheeled abrupt and, bellowing, fronted full  
His plague, who spied a scarab 'neath the tongue,  
And found 'twas Apis' flank his hasty prong  
Insulted." Book II., 88-93.

Another conceit put into the mouth of Eglamor occurs a little later (lines 173-181):—

"The wind seemed laid;  
Only, the trees shrunk slightly and a shade  
Came o'er the sky although 'twas mid-day yet:  
You saw each half-shut downcast flowerlet

Flutter—'A Roman bride, when they'd dispart  
Her unbound tresses with the Sabine dart,  
Holding that famous rape in memory still,  
Felt creep into her curls the iron chill,  
And looked thus, Eglamor would say."

Then we have the portrait of Eglamor himself with his love of minstrelsy for its own sake (lines 213-219):—

"He, no genius rare  
Transfiguring in fire or wave or air  
At will, but a poor gnome that, cloistered up  
In some rock-chamber with his agate cup,  
His topaz rod, his seed-pearl, in these few  
And their arrangement finds enough to do  
For his best art. Then, how he loved that art!"

Sometimes a mere phrase clings to the memory:—

"each new sprinkle of white stars  
That smell fainter of wine than Massic jars  
Dug up at Baia." II., 299-301.

or,

"Gate-vein of this heart's blood of Lombardy." III., 556.

or,

"Nor slight too much my rhymes—that spring, dispart,  
Dispart, disperse, lingering over head  
Like an escape of angels."

Browning, as if fearful of claiming too much for his poetry, immediately follows up this last comparison with the humorous simile of the transcendental platan raised by necromancer's art (III., 596-607), or:—

"The Legate, look!  
With eyes, like fresh-blown thrush-eggs on a thread,  
Faint-blue and loosely floating in his head." IV., 287.

All students of the "Divina Commedia" are aware that Dante sometimes makes use of extended similes. Well-known examples are the Venetian arsenal at the opening of the twenty-first canto of the *Inferno*, and the peasant in the springtime, at the commencement of the twenty-fourth canto. Into "Sordello" Browning has introduced several extended similes which are quite as wonderful as those of Dante, though not perhaps equal to his in lucidity. One there is room to mention only—that of the throbbing stone (II., 452-461). Another describes the effect which a return to his early environment at Goito had on Sordello:—

"he expanded to himself again,  
As some thin seedling spice-tree starved and frail,  
Pushing between cat's head and ibis' tail  
Crusted into the porphyry pavement smooth,  
—Suffered remain just as it sprung, to soothe  
The Soldan's pining daughter, never yet  
Well in her chilly green-glazed minaret—  
When rooted up, the sunny day she died,  
And flung into the common court beside  
Its parent tree." II., 965-973.

Most wonderful of all the similes in "Sordello" is the following, which is introduced without warning of any kind to illustrate a passing change of thought in the mind of Taurello Salinguerra (Book IV., 864-885):—

"As, shall I say, some Ethiop, past pursuit  
Of all enslavers, dips a shackled foot  
Burnt to the blood, into the drowsy black  
Enormous watercourse which guides him back  
To his own tribe again, where he is king;  
And laughs because he guesses, numbering  
The yellower prison-wattles on the pouch  
Of the first lizard wrested from its couch  
Under the slime (whose skin, the while, he strips  
To cure his nostril with, and festered lips,  
And eyeballs bloodshot from the desert-blast)  
That he has reached its boundary, at last  
May breathe;—thinks o'er enchantments of the South

Sovereign to plague his enemies, their mouth,  
Eyes, nails, and hair; but, these enchantments tried  
In fancy, puts them soberly aside  
For truth, projects a cool return with friends,  
The likelihood of winning mere amends  
Ere long; thinks that, takes comfort silently,  
Then, from the river's brink, his wrongs and he,  
Hugging revenge close to their hearts, are soon  
Off-striding for the Mountains of the Moon."

It may well be questioned whether there is in the whole range of English literature another digression such as the simile just quoted.

By way of contrast, two more similes may be quoted which are both in close connection with the development of the story. The first passage indeed contains the climax of the whole poem—the last triumphant act of Sordello's life (VI., 609):—

"Quick, what has Sordello found?  
For they approach—approach—that foot's rebound  
Palma? No, Salinguerra though in mail;  
They mount, have reached the threshold, dash the veil  
Aside—and you divine who sat there dead,  
Under his foot the badge; still, Palma said,  
A triumph lingering in the wide eyes,  
Wider than some spent swimmer's if he spies  
Help from above in his extreme despair,  
And, head far back on shoulder thrust, turns there  
With short, quick, passionate cry."

And the almost immediately succeeding lines in which the contrast is drawn between an "action" on the part of a mere insect, and a self-conscious action on the part of Sordello (VI., 621-630):—

"By this, the hermit-bee has stopped  
His day's toil at Goito: the new-cropped  
Dead vine-leaf answers, now 'tis eve, he bit,  
Twirled so, and filed all day: the mansion's fit,  
God counselled for. As easy guess the word  
That passed betwixt them, and become the third  
To the soft small unfrighted bee, as tax  
Him with one fault—so, no remembrance racks  
Of the stone maidens and the font of stone  
He, creeping through the crevice, leaves alone.  
Alas, my friend, alas Sordello, whom  
Anon they laid within that old font-tomb,  
And, yet again, alas!"

From the foregoing series of similes, which, of course, does not claim to be exhaustive, it will be seen how remarkable a part these play in the development of the poem, and one of its neglected features will, it is hoped, be made capable of easier appreciation.

A. T.

## THE EDUCATIONAL EXPERT

THERE is something connected with the word "expert" which produces in the mind of the uninitiated a feeling akin to awe. The average man pictures to himself a vast intellect to which the unknowable is an airy trifle, and the unknown a chimera. The expert, apart from his intellectual endowments, possesses, as does the Pope, the attribute of *ex cathedra* infallibility, and his pronouncements are final. In this attitude we see much of the primitive savagery of man, who once regarded his medicine men as meteorological prognosticators of infinite wisdom. The word has come to have so sinister a meaning that a learned judge once remarked that, after the liar and the worse liar, came the expert witness. So too might it be said of fools, that after the fool and the imbecile comes the expert educationist.

Originally, as was once known to those who took the trouble to learn Latin, "expert" meant simply "one who had experienced," as in the celebrated tag "*experto crede*"—"believe one who has tried it." It did not necessarily imply that the judgment of the man who had tried it

was of any particular value. It simply meant that having tried it, he was more likely to know what it was like, whatever the experience may have been. The present-day opinion seems to be that if a man wishes to approach a subject with unbiassed mind, the correct attitude is one of entire ignorance thereof, whereby his original views may be unimpeded by the slightest admixture of obtrusive fact. Thus it is that in this country we have plenty of "educatiology" or "talk about education," but no education whatever. The youngest among us who passes one or two years at a school in the capacity of master is entitled assuredly to his opinions, but that is all. Such a brief acquaintance with the subject should not exalt a man to the position of an oracle whose utterances are revered according to their obscurity of expression. The position of the expert is really one vast *petitio principii*. Because a man has, for example, crossed the Channel, he would not be admitted as an expert on turbines, however often he may have watched the machinery "go round" during his eventful trip.

The expert claims the respect which is so often claimed by garrulous old age, merely on account of its age. It is rather the judgment of the man and his claims to be considered and judged by the experiences which he has gone through, that should win approbation or contempt. True enough, it is more probable that an older man will have seen more, and become more chastened in his outlook on life, but it is his judgment and not his age which counts.

What, after all, are the elementary principles of education which are not patent at first sight to the ordinarily intelligent man? Few are they who do not know the trite distinction between education and information; few who do not speak of "apperception" and other hybrid philosophical terms, hoping to acquire merit thereby. The travelling inspector who prepares elaborate reports for the Board of Education is no doubt a person of vast importance to the welfare of his country, but it would be hard to find occasion where his advice has been followed or even acquiesced in either by his brother experts or the victims of his incompetent criticisms. It is doubtful whether Darwin would have considered himself an "expert" naturalist after having devoted a lifetime to natural history, and his tone of humility might well be imitated by the "little brothers of the giant" who "mouth and mouth, and know not work." Where experts fall out, truth can sometimes make a brief appearance, but not for long. There arise others who believe in the "inductive method," with voices like all the bulls of Bashan, and truth retires once more. Then there come forward those mighty ones for whom the "direct method" is Alpha and Omega, and they, too, join in the contest. To the strains of little phrases, such as "Is the dog a bird?" they chant their perpetual anthem, which contains neither Alpha nor Omega, but only Iota.

Away with such chattering crows! There is, indeed, always room for the sober judgment of a man who has been exercised either as inspector or teacher; there is always a need for a humble statement of opinion when its author has in view the betterment of our educational condition, but let no man think that he is expert other than in the sense of one who has tried. His judgment may be found wanting. How painful an instance of "expert" judgment failing was given in the case of Sir William Abney, F.R.S., who pronounced so decisively on the colour-blindness of teachers. Had he said, "The man, in my opinion, is colour-blind," well and good; to err is plati tudinously human; but to say "The man is colour-blind" is merely to stultify himself for ever as an incompetent, and blatant withal. Less self-advertisement and more humility is the remedy for the expert educationist.

If this type of expert could point to any crowning success in teaching, any point on which he and his brothers of that ilk did not wrangle like crows over carrion, it would be an argument in favour of his existence, if not of his self-adopted title. But at present there is no unanimity. Some cry for Greek, some for science, some for modern language. Some believe in discipline, some



do not. Some talk about the training of teachers, forgetful of the fact that the teacher is born and never made. They fail to understand why the majority of sane men despise a schoolmaster. In the first place, he is wretchedly underpaid, and endeavours to make up in the shadow what he loses in the substance. He is bombastic and intolerant, but an expert. In the second place, so many hold master-ships who are totally unsuited to the work, with the result that teaching is regarded merely as a passing on. Consequently, the profession suffers. There is no profession so unpopular, go where you will, as that of school-master, a fact which, if difficult to prove categorically, is supported by that indefensible consciousness which we have about so many things. The master who walks out with little boys on a Sunday is nevertheless a potential, if not an actual, expert. The schoolmasters who have attained greatness have attained it in spite of their profession.

The intolerance of experts is the destruction of their profession.

## THE INSOLENT OF SCIENCE

WHATEVER may be urged against the detailed knowledge of the ancient Greeks and their lack of more accurate observation, few will deny that in their grasp of general principles they still claim our highest admiration. Just as truly may it be said that the commonplaces of ancient times are the discoveries of to-day, as that the discoveries of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow. For this very reason Herodotus, who in the opinion of some authorities was an easy-going gossip with a fund of inexhaustible credulity, is in reality possessed of greater depth of insight than Thucydides, who is called the "first scientific historian."

In philosophy we proceed, as Herbert Spencer says, from the narrower to the wider, and Thucydides, who regarded the Peloponnesian war as the result of certain actions and reactions between states, was by no means so broadly philosophical as Herodotus, who saw in the fall of Persia the nemesis which follows insolence born of success. Vague though the idea may be, and less elaborately sustained than the diplomatic expositions of Thucydides, it appeals to the consciousness in every human mind that the abuse of success by some mysterious means leads to misfortune. It is a truth that is incapable of verbal or logical proof, yet it is a truth all the same. The modern scientist is inclined to regard with patronage what he is pleased to call the ancient "gropings after truth." He pities their deficiency in scientific instruments, in graphic and symbolical methods of expression, and views with the complacency of mediocrity their want of detail.

But what, after all, has the modern academical scientist done which has in any way helped to solve the great problems of existence? Are we anywhere nearer an answer to the question about the origin of life when we are told that it is biogenesis, and not abiogenesis? The postulation of an ether of impenetrable density is as futile as the Tower of Babel, and to be told that atoms are composed of corpuscles kept in position by forces of attraction and repulsion, only compels us to investigate the ultimate nature of corpuscles. Yet the scientific mediocrity will blazon forth prematurely any result at which he arrives, and to the sound of trumpets and tinkling cymbals announces an epoch-making work in which scantiness of thought is supposedly hidden by verbosity of expression.

Science as understood by the nobler minds is *sans peur et sans reproche*, but the mediocrity, whose name is legion, can only be said to possess the former qualification. The patient investigation of a Darwin, the humility of a Galton, are replaced by the hybrid quackeries of the Mendelian or the elaborate but baseless fabrics of a Biometrician. Led away by the sycophantish praise of those who hope to receive the same themselves, this little brother of the

giant produces a monograph on the thousand-and-first nerve of the Hippocampestris magniloquens. It is read at a learned society; various adulatory members arise and express their belief that a new light has shone—in the words of Persius, "*Implerunt cornua bombis*." They forget that details, like coins, have no currency unless stamped with the effigy of some underlying truth, and, as a recent writer has said, "they prefer to study the afternoons of the year 1264 A.D. than the marvels of the Napoleonic campaigns." The modern scientific society in most cases resembles the jury who acquitted the horse-thief because they wished to do the same one day. There is too much advertisement, too much cocksureness, too early publication, and too much kindergarten. The academical mind is one of the greatest national calamities. It permeates law, politics, and science, and leads to an insolence which can meet with only one reward.

Science as a means of discovering ultimate truths is at present impossible. It can have, as yet, no value other than that of practical application to the wants of man. The objection to the present attitude of the scientist lies in the fact that he is too pretentious. A spirit of atavistic gregariousness has fallen upon him, and he is never so happy as when he is talking about what he has done or is going to do in an assembly of friends. It is *aurea mediocritas* with a vengeance. Such, at any rate, is a charitable explanation, for one cannot suppose that he would be content to appear so undignified without receiving satisfactory compensation. No one can find fault with the work of the scientist, however misguided he may appear. Whether he investigate for the "work's sake" or for the wider object of benefiting mankind at large, honest application deserves the highest praise. But perpetual talking is not only futile, but contemptible. If Darwin can wait for nearly twenty years before he publishes his great work, lesser minds can surely practise a little more reticence. The spirit of "puffery" which has overtaken so many scientists is greatly to be deplored, because it tends to lessen the attention which their work in most cases deserves. Whatever the charges made against the English character, it is from an English point of view better to be dignified than popular; and if Huxley had foreseen the misinterpretation of his desire to popularise science, he would have been the first to castigate the offenders. Let us return to the dignity of earlier generations, to that moderation of attitude and restraint of language which is the greatest scientific asset. Away with this scientific suburbanism! Let a man's work be accepted on its merits alone, and not be dependent for acceptance on the way he cuts his beard and turns out his toes. Science should aim at the impersonal. Unless this change is made, science will become as effete as the mediæval shibboleths of monks, and will lose through the exaggeration of its *soi-disant* representatives. Insolence is rewarded by failure. If science is to be popular, it needs plain, honest statement, admission of ignorance, and eternal confidence in the future.

## NAMES AND LEGENDS

"WHEN Playfair composed his Baronetage as a monument of sycophantic folly," writes Dr. Round, "he discovered that Smith was derived from Smeeth, 'a level plain,' but confessed that he could find for Baker no possible derivation." Evidently Playfair was anxious to gratify his patrons, but his failure to solve the recondite problem of the origin of Baker suggests that his imagination was a trifle sluggish. Probably he would have done better had he studied some of the legends which earlier pedigree-makers invented to account for names which had really originated in Norman nicknames. For the Normans indulged freely in nicknames, and, like the modern school-boy, preferred them personal and rude, with the result that much judicious gilding was necessary for the purposes of a polite pedigree.

A splendid and imposing example is provided by the story of Grosvenor. This noble family, we are informed, flourished in Normandy for a century and a-half before the Conquest, and obtained its surname from having held as hereditary the high and powerful office of Grovenour or Grand Huntsman of the Duchy. Gilbert le Grovenour came to England with his uncle, Hugh d'Avranches, afterwards Earl of Chester, in the train of the Conqueror, and received great estates from Earl Hugh in the county palatine. Modern research has sought for information about the Grand Huntsmen of Normandy, but has failed to find any proof that such an office ever existed. The pre-Conquest Grosvenors also baffle investigators, and the Gilbert who came over with the Conqueror proves to be compounded partly of imagination and partly of a genuine Gilbert, founder of the great Cheshire house of Venables, Barons of Kinderton, in the palatinate. Mr. Bird, who has devoted special attention to the Grosvenor pedigree, finds its first known ancestor in a Robert le Grosvenor, who received a grant of land from Hugh de Kevelioc, Earl of Chester, about a century after the Conquest. This Robert was certainly not a grand huntsman, but we may suggest with confidence that, unless "le Grosvenor" had already crystallised into a surname which he inherited from his father, he was a Fat Huntsman. It would be extravagant to suggest that his obesity inspired the mythical connection with the first Earl of Chester, who was also "full fatte and in good poynte." Indeed the Welsh nicknamed him Hugh Vras—the Fat—thus distinguishing him from their other terror, Hugh Goch—the Red—that Hugh de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, who died by the royal arrow when Magnus of Norway bore down on the coast of Anglesey. ("Let him leap!" cried the mocking king, as Shrewsbury, pierced through the eye by the fatal shaft, sprang from his saddle and fell dead into the sea.) The Earl of Chester's better known nickname, Lupus, is a much later invention, doubtless due to the obliging heralds who provided him with a wolf's head for arms, at a time when armorial bearings were assigned to many magnates who had died before the invention of heraldry.

Unlike Grosvenor, the name of Giffard really was brought over at the Conquest, for Walter Giffard, the aged Lord of Longueville, undoubtedly fought at Hastings, although the story that he assisted in mutilating the body of Harold seems to be a baseless libel. Walter was called Giffard, and Giffard, we are gravely informed, signifies the Liberal. It would probably be safe to offer a handsome prize to any linguist or philologist who could state in what language Giffard means liberal. The answer is—English! Walter, in fact, was a free Giver, and Giver was corrupted into Giffard. We are loath to be too sceptical, remembering the case of the cautious schoolboy who boggled at the idea that Ulysses could have any connection with Odysseus, and suggested that Odysseus was more likely to develop into Oyster, an effort of amateur philology not taken in good part by his master. However, reason would seem to be rather with those who hold Giffard to be Norman-French, derived from "giffe"—"cheek," and equivalent to "jouffloue"—"qui a de grosses joues." Hence "giffarde," a kitchen maid or cook, those servants being credited conventionally with fat, rubicund cheeks. "Chubby-cheeked," which has been suggested as a translation of Giffard, seems too polite, and perhaps hardly exact. R. Wilfer was chubby, but we cannot believe that if it had been his lot to serve, with Thomas Becket, as *escribein* to Osbert Huitdeniers in the twelfth century, instead of as clerk to Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles in the nineteenth, he would ever have been called Giffard. The name of Becket's kinsman and employer, by the way, reminds us that even grave City magnates were not exempt from irreverent nicknames; but we do not know why the wealthy and powerful Osbert, who held the office of Justicier of London about the time that the future primate was a member of his household, should have been labelled Eightpence.

The genius of Scott has rescued the name of Marmion

from obscurity, and invested it with a glamour which houses of far higher rank and achievement may envy; yet rather to the darkening of history, for the real Marmions were extinct more than two centuries before the great day of Flodden. When Scott's "Lord of Scrivelbaye, of Tamworth Tower and Town," rode into Norham, Scrivelsby had long been held by that family of Dymoke which still enjoys it, together with the office of Royal Champion, the grand serjeanty by which the estate was formerly held; and Tamworth Castle had passed to a branch of the once mighty Anglo-Norman house of Ferrers, a cadet line of which survived to our own days at Baddesley Clinton, last representative of the great baronial magnates of the Conquest. To revert to the Marmions, the old story was that the name meant Steward or Controller of the Household, and that the first Robert Marmion held that office under the Conqueror. Marmion was then treated as synonymous with Despencer, and Robert Marmion was triumphantly identified with Robert "Dispensator," the Domesday Lord of Tamworth. Unfortunately the descent breaks down on investigation, and the alleged meaning of Marmion follows suit. Indeed, the only question now seems to be whether that high-sounding name is derived from "Marmiton"—a scullion, or a rarer old-French word "Marmion"—equivalent to marmot, a small monkey. Either meaning is sufficiently uncomplimentary to be credible.

Pauncefote may be added to our list. Pauncefote, says the family legend, is derived from the family motto, "Pensez fort!" This does indeed give us cause to think, and we shall have little difficulty in recognising a typical inversion of the facts, for doubtless the motto was assumed because it sounded something like the name. And Pauncefote, as Mr. Barron has pointed out, was originally Pauncevolte, that is, Paunch-face. The late Lord Pauncefote, it may be noted, was a Smith of the widespread banking house of Nottingham and Lombard Street, other branches of which are disguised under the names of Smith-Dorrien, Carrington, and Bromley. The change of Smith to Carrington was inspired by a quite imaginary descent from an earlier family of Smith, Viscounts Carrington (extinct in 1706), whose title in turn was chosen in consequence of an equally baseless legend that they were descended from a Carrington who changed his name to Smith. But this fable, which we believe has been adopted with enthusiasm by more than one modern family of Smith, belongs to a different category of pedigree myths, unconnected with nicknames.

In the case of Russell, early pedigree-makers treated the name as of territorial origin, and derived it from a "Rozel in Normandy." But the absence of the territorial "de" before the name in genuine documents shows that it is not derived from a place. Indeed, it is fairly obvious that the name is a diminutive of Roux, and that the various families of Russell which occur in England or Ireland are derived from ancestors whom, in the tersely graphic language of our schooldays, we should have nicknamed "Carrots."

G. H. W.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

### ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.

#### REPORT ON THE OPERATIONS FOR THE SEARCH OF SANSKRIT MANUSCRIPTS DURING THE YEAR 1909.

DURING the year 1909, Mahāmahopādhyāya Haraprasāda Sāstri had charge of the operations in search of Sanskrit Manuscripts; and he made several trips to Benares for the acquisition of Sanskrit Manuscripts, his retirement giving him leisure to devote to this business. The success of his endeavour may be measured by the fact that 1,573 MSS. have been secured for Government. The majority of manuscripts belong to the families of two well-known Paṇḍits and MS. collectors of Benares.

(I.) Harikṛṣṇa Vyāsa was a Sārasvata Brāhmaṇa of the highest distinction in the Punjab. He came early in his

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life to Benares, accompanying his aged mother, who wanted to lay her bones in the Holy City. Her business was to recite Purāṇas and the Vedānta. He had numerous Sannyāsīs among his pupils. He was an indefatigable collector of MSS., and several distinguished Pandits of Benares used to borrow MSS. from his collection. He became a recognised Pandit of his time and died at the ripe age of 90 in the year 1894 A.D., leaving a collection of about 3,000 MSS. and much house property to his sons, Hṛṣikesa and Vidyādhara. Vidyādhara sold a part of his share of the paternal collection to the Sanskrit College, Benares, and a part to German and English MS. collectors. Hṛṣikesa died in May, 1909, and his share has been secured for the Government of India. Pandita Harikrṣṇa Vyāsa copied manuscripts himself and employed scribes to copy them. He got some manuscripts from the Caitany Maṭha. Many he got from Dhundupāṇi Bhaṭṭa, who lived near Kāla-Bhairava, and who collected all the manuscripts of twenty different Pandits. But the majority of his manuscripts came from Mannu Bhūnjā (a seller of fried grain) who used to advance provisions to indigent students and Pandits on the security of their MSS.; and the forfeiture of these manuscripts enabled him to make a large collection, which he sold to Harikrṣṇa. Harikrṣṇa wrote several tracts in Sanskrit and was never slow in expressing his opinion on the current religious and social topics of the day.

(II.) Lakṣmīnārāyaṇa Kavi was a Bhāṭ Brāhmaṇa from the Punjab. He was a pupil of Pandita Thākura Datta. He was at Benares for 58 years. He was a poet, and wrote Sanskrit verses with considerable fluency. He died in 1909, aged 80. His business was to recite Saptasatī at the temple of Annapūrṇā. He also was a noted Pandita of his time, and collected a large number of manuscripts from various sources. The copy of the Mahābhārata in his collection belonged originally to Sadānanda Vyāsa, who was the chief expounder of the Purāṇas at the Vyāsa-Pīṭhā at Valujikā-Farās in the city of Benares. During the last quarter of the 18th and the first quarter of the 19th century, Sadānanda Vyāsa was a very popular expounder of the Purāṇas, and he acquired much wealth in his profession. He had no son, and Lakṣmīnārāyaṇa Kavi got his manuscripts from his widowed daughter. Many of Sadānanda's Sanskrit works are to be found in the Benares Sanskrit College Library. Lakṣmīnārāyaṇa had a widowed daughter-in-law, who sold his collection of Sanskrit Manuscripts to the Government of India. Besides the copy of the Mahābhārata above referred to, several Samhitās of the Śiva Purāṇa have been acquired, such as Rudra Samhitā, Bhauma Samhitā, Vāyaviya Samhitā, Kṛtīrudra Samhitā and so on. Several nighaṇṭus, too, have been acquired, such as Rājanighaṇṭu, Sarvanighaṇṭu, Nāma-Ratnākaranighaṇṭu, Gaṇanighaṇṭu and Amarakosa-nighaṇṭu.

The Harikrṣṇa-Collection is specially rich in manuscripts of Upaniṣad literature. Of the Vṛhadāranyaka, it contains commentaries by Nilakanṭha and by Nityānandāśrama. It is a well-known fact that the Vṛhadāranyaka commented upon by Śāṅkarācārya belongs to the Kāṇvaśākhā of the White Yajurveda. But this collection has Vṛtti commentaries by Nilakanṭha, Dviveda Gaṅga and by Vāsudeva-Brahma Bhagavān on the Vṛhadāranyaka of the Mādhyandina-śākhā of the White Yajurveda. There are several Upaniṣads in this collection, commented upon by Dāmodara Śāstrī, a name unknown to Aufrecht. The commentary on the Praṇa Bhāṣya by Nārāyaṇendra, and Svetāsvataropaniṣadvivarāṇa by Jñānotama appear to be altogether new. In the Bundle containing Nyāya works, there are many rare and valuable works, of which Nyāya Kautuka and Nyāya-siddhānta-saṃgraha seem to be unknown to Aufrecht. Of the Vedānta works, Vedānta-Pārijāta by Sadānanda, with a commentary entitled Vedānta-Pārijāta-Maṇjari by the author himself, is not in Aufrecht, but unfortunately the MS. is incomplete. Aufrecht says in Vol. I that the name Vedānta-Vibhāvanā belongs to two works, one by Nārāyaṇa Yati, and the other by Nārāyaṇācārya. But he corrects the statement in Vol. II, by saying that the work and the commentary are both by Nārāyaṇatīrtha. For the statement in the first volume his authority is Keilhorn's list,

and for that in the second the catalogue of Ulwar manuscripts. The MS. No. 8562 of our collection says that the text is by Nārāyaṇa Yati, and the commentary is by Nārāyaṇatīrtha. But these appear to be one and the same person, as both are disciples of Rāma Govinda and students of Vāsudeva. Of the Pūrvamīmāṃsā, there is a manuscript of a new commentary on the Sūtras by Rāmesvara in this collection. Sāṃkhya-krama-Dīpikā purports to be the instructions imparted by Kapila to a Brāhmaṇa, and according to one manuscript, to Āsuri. It is written in the form of the most ancient stage of Sūtra literature. The twenty-five Kapila Sūtras are imbedded in it. Two manuscripts were known to Dr. Rājendra Lāla Mitra, a third correctly and beautifully written has been acquired for the Government. In the Sāṃkhya tradition Kapila comes as the first historical teacher; Āsuri the second, Boḍhu third and Pañcasikha fourth. Pañcasikha is mentioned in the Śāntiparva of the Mahābhārata. Boḍhu or Bodhu is known from Chinese sources. But Āsuri is not mentioned in the Mahābhārata at all. He seems to have been forgotten when that great work was written. If, as some manuscripts testify, Āsuri is one of the interlocutors in this work, it is really an important discovery. It is throughout written in the Sūtra form, not in the form of comparatively modern Sūtras like Kautilya's Arthasāstra, Vatsyāyana's Kāmasūtra and even Pāṇini's Aṣṭādhyāyī, but in the more ancient form of the Sūtras of Vasiṣṭha and Gotama. Jaimini Sūtra-kāśikā is a commentary on astrological Sūtras attributed to Jaimini. The commentator is Malayavarma, a Rājā of Kumāyun.

Abhinava Gupta was a noted Śaiva teacher of Kāśmīr. A complete copy of his commentary on the Gītā has been found in the collection acquired from Lakṣmī Nārāyaṇa Kavi. Ś'atarañja-kutūhala, a work on chess-play, appears to be new in this collection. Sāṃkhya-pradīpa, Vidyāmañjarī, Commentary on Sūryasataka by Vālamhaṭṭa Pāyagunde, Nimvādityapraśāva, Nimvādityalaghustava and Ratnodyota by Cirañjīva are new works found in this collection. Of the eight schools of Sanskrit grammar, the Jinendra School is the least known. Twelve or thirteen years ago, a description of the work appeared in the pages of the Indian Antiquary, and a search was at once instituted in Benares, to find if a copy of that work was available. At last a manuscript was traced in one of the richest Jaina-Upāśrayas in that city, and a copy procured for Government. From Nepal came two manuscripts, one of which, Ekallavira-çaṇḍa-Mahāroṣaṇatantra, represents the modern mystic worship of Tantrik Buddhism. No amount of persuasion would procure the work at Kathmāṇḍu from the Vajracāryas there. They say that it is their Guhya worship and should not go to profane hands. Fortunately, however, the work has been procured this year. Śārasaṃgraha by Ratnākara Miśra is a Smṛiti compilation current at Chittagong. It is one of those works by which, on the loss of political power, the Brāhmaṇas sought to keep up their ascendancy in the Hindu society. It is written throughout on a thick bark procurable in Assam and Chittagong only. Two volumes of the Notices of Sanskrit Manuscripts are in the press, over forty formes of which have been printed off. The volumes could not be completed owing to interruptions on account of tours, both in search of Sanskrit Manuscripts, and of Bardic Chronicles. Harikrṣṇa—Vyāsa—collection of 567 manuscripts have been fully catalogued.

#### PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Proceedings at the Annual General Meeting held  
February 11, 1910.

THE formal business having been transacted, Prof. H. L. Callendar took the chair and delivered an address. After referring briefly to the losses sustained by the Society since the last general meeting, the President dealt with the application of resistance thermometers to the recording of clinical temperatures. Records of clinical temperatures have been obtained by Dr. Gamgee using a thermocouple in conjunction with sensitive recording instruments. The objections to thermocouples are two-

fold. In the first place, the E.M.F.'s developed are so small that the recording instruments must be very sensitive and therefore unsuitable for ordinary use. In the second place, serious difficulties arise with regard to the thermostat which is necessary to maintain one of the junctions of the thermocouple at a constant temperature. The chief difficulty in connection with the use of resistance thermometers for this kind of work lies in the heating effect of the current. In order to explain how this difficulty is overcome Prof. Callendar gave a short account of the conditions upon which the sensitiveness of a Wheatstone's bridge depends. He pointed out that in platinum thermometry, in order to obtain accurate compensation for the resistance of the leads, it is necessary that the ratio arms of the bridge should be equal, and he showed that this condition reduced the sensitiveness, which could be obtained by suitably varying the resistances by about 30 per cent. In joining up a bridge in work with resistance thermometers, Maxwell's rule for the positions of the battery and galvanometer which give maximum sensitiveness is seldom applicable. While Maxwell's arrangement actually gives the greatest sensitiveness, the heating effect of the current is so much greater that the trouble arising from this cause more than counterbalances the increased sensitiveness. The problem to be solved in designing a suitable thermometer for clinical work is, with a given galvanometer and resistance-box, to find the resistance of the thermometer which will give the most accurate results for a given heating effect of the current. This is given by the equation  $R=2G+S$ , where  $G$  is the resistance of the galvanometer and  $S$  that of one of the ratio arms. In the apparatus used at the meeting  $G=S=10$  ohms giving  $R=30$  ohms, a resistance for the thermometer which gives the convenient scale of 0.1 ohm increase per degree Centigrade. It is important in the construction of a thermometer for clinical work to secure quickness of action and to reduce the heating effect of the current. An ordinary tube-form of thermometer is good for laboratory work with sensitive galvanometers, but it is unsuitable for use with recorders. An ordinary form of thermometer takes about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minutes to reach a steady temperature when taken from water at the temperature of the room and placed in water at  $0^{\circ}\text{C}$ ., whereas a thermometer suitably designed will take up a steady temperature in about ten seconds. The pattern of the thermometer must also be suited to the purpose for which it is intended. Three types were shown, designed for mouth, rectal, and surface work. Experiments were performed proving that these thermometers fulfilled the necessary conditions. The recording instruments for use with these thermometers were briefly described. Prof. Callendar then showed continuous records obtained from a patient with a normal temperature. The temperature is generally very steady if the thermometer do not shift or the patient get wholly or partly out of bed. The effects of external changes of temperature were also shown, and simultaneous records taken on different parts of the body illustrated the fact that the temperature does not vary in the same way at all places. On the medical side there is a vast field for research which may eventually result in important additions to knowledge.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- The Months of the Year.* By the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, M.A. Illustrated. W. H. and L. Collingridge. 5s. net.  
*"The Journal" Guide to Dunfermline.* Compiled by J. B. Mackie. 6d.  
*The Poor and their Rights, How to Obtain Them under Existing Legislation.* By J. Theodore Dodd, M.A. P. S. King and Son. 6d. net.  
*Statistical Analysis of Infant Mortality and its Causes in the United Kingdom.* By Helen M. Blagg. P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.

- Hints for Lovers.* By Arnold Haultain. Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.  
*The Perfidious Welshman.* By "Draig Glas" (Blue Dragon). Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.  
*The A B C of Collecting Old English Pottery.* By J. F. Blacker. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.  
*Justice, a Tragedy in Four Acts.* By John Galsworthy. Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.  
*All About Trout Fishing.* By J. A. Riddell ("Border Rod"). Illustrated. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.  
*The Fauna of British India. Dermaptera (Earwigs).* Illustrated. By Malcolm Burr, D.Sc., M.A. Taylor and Francis. 10s.  
*Elizabethan Drama, Notes and Studies.* By J. Le Gay Brereton. Wm. Brooks and Co., Sydney, N.S.W.  
*Hand-Writing and Brain-Building.* By John Jackson, F.E.I.S. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.  
*No Breakfast, or The Secret of Life.* By "Gossip." T. C. Lothian, Melbourne, Victoria. 1s.  
*Nature's Help to Happiness, or Ground Treatment.* By John Warren Achorn, M.D. Wm. Rider and Son.  
*Report on "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," and "Yankee Doodle."* Compiled by O. G. T. Sonneck. With Facsimile Reproductions of Rare Early Versions and Manuscripts. Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A. 85 Cents.  
*Flowers of the Field.* By the late Rev. C. A. Johns, B.A., F.L.S. Rewritten and Revised by G. S. Boulger, F.L.S., F.G.S. Illustrated. S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d.

### THEOLOGY

- An Analytical Transcription of the Revelation of St. John the Divine, with Introduction, Brief Commentary, and a Dictionary of the Apocalypse.* By the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen. Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.  
*The Way of Victory; Meditations for Lent, Passiontide, and Easter.* By Jean Roberts, with an Introduction by the Abbot of Caldey. H. R. Allenson. 1s. net.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Life of W. J. Fox, Public Teacher and Social Reformer, 1786-1864.* By the late Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., concluded by Edward Garnett. Illustrated. John Lane. 16s. net.  
*The War of Secession, 1861-1862, Bull Run to Malvern Hill.* By Major G. W. Redway. Maps. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 5s. net.  
*Les Jéuites.* By H. Boehmer. Translated into French, with Introduction and Notes, by Gabriel Monod. Armand Colin, Paris. 4 frs.

### EDUCATIONAL

- Tales from Dickens.* With Composition Exercises. (Supplementary Readers, Senior.) A. and C. Black. 6d.  
*Old-Time Tales.* (Supplementary Readers, Junior.) A. and C. Black. 6d.  
*Shakespeare's Tragedy of Julius Caesar.* Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A. (University Tutorial Series.) W. B. Clive. 2s.

### FICTION

- Foes of Justice.* By Headon Hill. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.  
*Maurin the Illustrious.* Translated from the French of Jean Aicard by Alfred Allinson, M.A. John Lane. 6s.  
*A Lady of France, a Romance of Medieval Paris.* By B. Symons. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*Quaker Robins.* By Wilfrid L. Randell. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*Tumult, a Wessex Love Story.* By Wilkinson Sherren. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*Sons of the Blood.* By Jessie E. Livesay. F. V. White and Co. 6s.  
*An Imperial Adventure.* By Iver McIver. Illustrated. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.  
*The Reins of Chance.* By C. Ranger Gull. F. V. White and Co. 6s.

### VERSE

- Contemporary German Poetry.* Selected and Translated by Jethro Bithill, M.A. Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s.  
*New Poems.* By Richard Edwin Day. Grafton Press, New York.  
*Dawnward?* By Bernard O'Dowd. T. C. Lothian, Melbourne.  
*The Song of the Wanderer, and Other Verses.* By Percival Clifford. Hammond, Hammond, and Co.

### PERIODICALS

- Atlantic Monthly; Mercure de France; The English Catalogue of Books for 1909; Good Health; Revue Bleue; Cambridge University Reporter.*



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